Miss Ruth E. Springs,
Brownsville, Ont.
254-11 Mar4

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, JUNE 21, 1940. | 77th Year.

Queen Elizabeth recently paid a visit to Lady Frances Ryder's home for Overseas Visitors where she met these nurses who had just returned from duty in France. Her Majesty is carrying a bouquet presented to her by the "sisters" who look very happy at having an opportunity of talking with their Sovereign Lady, after the strain of their recent experiences.

MY FEALTY

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love.
The love that asks no questions; the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar, the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

—Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

OUR LOYALTY CAN HELP THEM

A FRENCH-CANADIAN subject of Their Majesties, who expressed his opinion on the royal visit to Canada last year in Montreal never dreamed that the Queen would hear any echo of his words.

However, a lady standing near him in the crowd overheard him saying:

"Me, Jacques, I saw her; she so lovely I jus' cry—so I go to the Square to see them again. The priest, he say to cheer, but me, Jacques, I jus' cry. I try again here at the station, but I still cry. I go to Sherbrooke—this time I cheer or bust."

The lady was so much impressed that in a letter to her sister in England she repeated what "Jacques" had said. When her sister read the letter she sent it on to Buckingham Palace. In due time an answer came from the Queen's secretary, showing that Her Majesty had seen and appreciated the tribute of her Canadian subject.

The answer read:

"I have received and shown to the Queen the letter from your friend in Canada.

"Her Majesty greatly appreciated your kind thought in sending it and was much touched by the reference to herself. It is, as you may suppose, a great pleasure to the Queen to be reminded of the many friends which she made during her visit to Canada last year, whether they are known to her personally or whether as in this case she has not that good fortune.

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) "Arthur Penn,
"Acting Private Secretary
to the Queen."

* * *

"JACQUES" may never know how much the expression of his honest love and admiration warmed the heart and perhaps heightened the courage of his Sovereign. Coming to mind at a time of stress and strain, such recollections of the bright days of last

(Please turn to Page 13.)

"NEIGHBORS"

By A. C. Chamberlain.

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IMPORTANT PEOPLE

ALLAN COULSON, a young farmer whose search for his missing herd of colts leads him into many strange adventures.

BESSIE his sister and **ROBERT** his younger brother.

JOHN GRAHAM, a neighbor, owner of two of the missing colts.

JOSHUA SMITH, kind-hearted neighbor who helps Allan in his search.

Just when hope begins to dawn, Allan's pony falls and he suffers a broken foot. The story concludes:

MUTTERING impatient threats, Allan grasped the mane of the pony in one hand and the pommel of the saddle with the other.

"Now, Mona," he said impressively, "you've got to stand still and I must get one foot over the saddle someway or other. Maybe it will kill me to ride with a broken foot. I feel as if it would; but I must find help and get those colts of John Graham's and mine before those fellows get them out of that pasture and away."

How he did it, Allan could not afterwards tell. Probably it was accomplished by throwing himself crosswise of the sadle like a sack of meal and by slow degrees working his well foot over. In some way he got up into the saddle and started Mona gently forward, his hurt foot sending red hot pains up his leg at each step, the earth and sky reeling and turning somersaults before his feverish, tortured senses.

He lost track of time. It seemed that it might have been hours before Mona stopped and he slowly realized that it was before an open gate. A carriage stood outside; but he did not notice this, for his field of vision was limited; but a man stood there to whom he spoke:

"I want to be taken somewhere," he heard himself saying, "I want to get an officer and I want my colts . . ." and then he suddenly toppled forward and fell on the ground at the feet of the astonished man.

"It's the very feller," he heard in a familiar voice. Then he felt himself lifted and carried gently forward, after which everything faded away.

When he came to himself, he was on a lounge in a sunny room, a kind-looking woman was placing his foot in an easy position in readiness for the expected doctor, and Joshua Smith stood by his side.

"I mistrusted you'd be needing help by now," began the old man, harking back to his former grievance. "Just tell me what you've learned about the doings of them underhanded rascals, and old Josh'll teach them a thing or two."

"The doctor had better see him first," suggested the kind woman as the country physician, case in hand, hurried up the steps; but Allan, white-lipped but resolute as ever, would have his say.

"They are in the big pasture two sections from the highway up—up somewhere up the road. Catch the big Swede driving a gray team. He knows where I fell. Make him explain. Call John Graham—of—Essex—to — identify——"

And then his failing powers compelled Allan to give up to the doctor's care. He heard Joshua Smith's grumble about the lack of frankness in the methods of horse thieves; he heard the energetic ringing of the telephone bell, then a cool something was laid across his face and everything melted away into darkness.

* * *

WHEN he awoke it was evening. The men had not got back, the kind-hearted woman assured him in a quiet voice; but someone was there to see him—a very large man with big eyes. Then in a few minutes the Swede was ushered in—his attempts to walk on tip toes causing the floor to tremble beneath his tread.

"Ah bane sorr," he began at sight of Allan.

"I know," answered the boy, commencing to tremble with weakness and excitement, "but the pasture, — the colts?"

"Ah bane beezy," began the man again helplessly, and then the woman exchanged a few words with him in a curious broken tongue.

"He did not know that you were hurt," she then explained to Allan; "You stood so straight, he couldn't tell. He was very busy, he wants to tell you, but he is very sorry he did not stop."

"Ah bane sorr. Ah bane beezy," repeated the Swede to Allan, and the floor shook once more beneath his efforts at stealthiness as he left the room and the boy gave up again to the opiate administered by the doctor.

The next time he awoke it was broad daylight and Joshua Smith was there to report. Six of the colts had been recovered; but the oldest team, the matched bays—pride of Allan's pasture —were gone.

"But we're on the track of them," continued the old man hastily, noting the boy's downcast look, "The big fellow, the one you saw chasing them, was missing. He's a new fellow in the gang and they don't know nothing about his ways. He pretended that he had just bought those animals. A young fellow in the crowd told us he'd started off towards the river with that team. So we just telegraphed to a few of the towns on both sides to post the missing horses and young Graham is following them up hot foot. He's sent the colts back by the Swede. Queer thing about them fellows," added old Joshua reflectively. "Awhile back they were so busy they couldn't do for nobody. Now they can't think of nothing but just getting back that team."

"Joshua Smith isn't without blame, either," he added after a moment's thought. "Contenting himself with the happenings he could see from his front door, without a thought of what was doing against his neighbors. Hereafter I make it my business to look after the byways and the cutoffs. No more secret doings in my township. Not if old Joshua knows his neighborly dooty." Here Allan's drowsy senses lost track of the old man's good resolutions and for a period of time which his fevered mind could not measure he heard no more of the missing animals.

* * *

THE next day, or the day after that, Bessie came to look after him. Robert drove her over, but he could not stop.

"I'm too busy," he told Allan, looking at the pallid face of his brother with an awestruck air, and Allan was too weak to wonder what erratic young Robert's absorbing enterprise might be. Soon after that a message came that John Graham had found the bays and would ride them back across country. Later, John himself came to say that the team was safe back in the home pasture with the rest of the colts.

Then day followed day in a confused jumble of pain and anxiety. Bessie came and went as her home duties would allow, the kind old couple who cared for Allan insisting that the added work was no burden.

"It's like having one of our own boys back again," said the sweet-faced lady, whose grown-up sons were seeking their fortunes in the distant West.

"Good Samaritans," Bessie called them; but the sick boy thought in the midst of his restless pain, that to merely pay the reckoning would be a small matter in comparison with the willing service which these kind people so freely offered.

How many days he lay there, Allan did not know and he shrank from asking. In his fever he had raved about his untended fields, but afterwards he

(Please turn to Page 12.)

BUGLES AT VERCHERES

By Ned Booth

For the Messenger

THERE was sudden thrumming of wings and Paul Garon, peering up from the tall rushes that T screened himself and his canoe, thrilled at sight of a dozen large black ducks coming down wind. Their course was toward the open water; they would pass directly over his head. The late October sun shone and sparkled on their glossy plumage.

"Huh! Jus' when I have my gun unloaded!" The complaint of old Baptiste, in his shabby Vercheres boat a yard or two away brought a grin to Paul's face.

"You shall have half of what I get, *pere Baptiste!*" he muttered, holding his fire until he should get two of the birds close together. The musket cracked and a pair of the ducks somersaulted toward the rushes. The nearest plumped down right in old Baptiste's boat!—the other a yard or two away in the reeds; it would be easy to find.

"One good shot, my boy!" the old man cackled. "You should have been born two, three year' earlier—then you could have fought the Iroquois! But the Iroquois don't come no more!"

"Aha! I would have liked that! Those were the great days!" Paul reloaded his musket and sat gazing appreciatively at the autumn beauty of the river and the painted forest that came down almost to the back of the little fort at Vercheres. He could see the outbuildings of logs and the sleepy flag moving restlessly high above.

No more ducks appeared. A distant gun or two suggested better luck for some remote hunters.

"Yes, a boy of fourteen might not have much sense, my Paul—but if he was as big as you, and could shoot a musket as you do, he would have been a good man for the seigneur!"

"FOR SHAME, GASPARD! YOU COWARD!"

* * *

PAUL'S smile at the beginning of the old man's words changed to seriousness as he caught sight of the sunburned and wrinkled visage staring toward the shore and the fort.

"There is something wrong, perhaps, Baptiste? You do not feel well—?"

"Me, I am all right. Last night I have one very bad dream! Iroquois! I see one Iroquois brave running after young Madeleine over there! She ran very quick for the fort—right at the door his hand reached out for her . . ."

"He caught her, you mean?"

"I don't know—something happened. I can't tell!"

"Perhaps you think too much about the Iroquois you have fought, Baptiste. It is a long time now; two years—they will never come again, eh?"

"Please God! But who can tell? If they do, it will be very bad. The men at the harvest no longer take the soldiers to guard them in the fields. Today the seigneur is away at Quebec; Madame at Montreal. At this moment at the fort, as you see, young Mademoiselle Madeleine there, and some women—that is all!"

In spite of himself, the old man's mood was impressing Paul.

"You dream too much, Baptiste—not always at night, either! I am going back to the fort to change this musket—there is a better one. I shall return at sunset; there will be more ducks . . .

Baptiste's oar thrashed in the rushes. "Very well," he agreed—"I will await you at sunset."

* * *

INSIDE the fort Paul sought the blockhouse and chose a fresh musket from a stand set against a wall. He loaded it deliberately, examining barrel and lock with minute attention. Bap-

PIONEERS

IT IS nearly a century and a half since Alexander Mackenzie reached the Arctic; it is nearly a century since the first surveys were made on the shores of the Polar Sea. Today the work is still going on; it is still pioneering, but it is intensive and detailed. We are founding settlements and winning natural wealth inside the Arctic Circle, and giving to what was a mere geographical expression the apparatus of civilized life. There are still many physical frontiers in the world, border-lines beyond which lies the little known.

* * * * *

We are still frontiersmen in a true sense, for we are domiciled on the edge of mystery, and have to face novelties more startling than any which confronted the old pioneers. Our youth, living on a spiritual frontier, still needs all the audacity and fortitude of the pioneer. As I see it, there is ample room for the spirit of adventure and for the discipline behind it which makes adventure fruitful.—LORD TWEEDSMUIR.

BUGLES AT VERCHERES

(Continued from Page 3.)

tiste and his Iroquois! They would make your flesh creep!

A volley of distant shots smote his ears dimly through the thick log walls. Distant—but not as distant as the duck hunters' guns would be. What could that mean? He pondered the space of one held breath.

Suddenly came a chorus of women's shrieks, more shots, and men's voices in strange, terrifying ululations—war-whoops! Following that he heard another voice he recognized as Madeleine's, shouting "To arms! To arms!"

In a stride he was outside the block-house—in another at a loop-hole in the fort wall, his musket barrel whipped through the narrow opening before him.

Cameo-clear was the sun-lighted picture before him. Against the woods a little way off, a score or two of painted, partly naked Iroquois, their muskets raised, some of them firing toward the fort! Close to the half-open gate Madeleine, running at top speed, crying out as she ran—and behind her a tall young Iroquois in full and close pursuit!

Steely steady was Paul's eye over his musket barrel. Closer and closer to the fort came pursued and pursuer. Three paces from the gate the Iroquois reached out a hand to seize the fleeing girl. He touched her—and Paul's musket crashed. Clutching a scarf which he had torn from her neck, the Indian slowed, stumbled, and crashed in a heap against the door Madeleine had banged shut and was barring inside.

"You are not hurt, Mademoiselle? You are safe?" Paul found the panting girl yet marvellously self-contained.

"Of course—but the others? Did they reach the fort? The women . . . children? Hear them screaming! Their men are killed! We were at the river—we had little warning, only the shots and the war cries! The men in the fields, Paul . . . ?" She stopped, her wide eyes staring into his.

* * *

"HERE are your brothers, Mademoiselle—see, they are safe!" A boy of ten, and another of twelve, joined them hurriedly. "We must see to every defence, quickly!"

Paul's glance swept the group distractedly arriving about them—several screaming women whom Madeleine was determinedly reducing to silence; the two boys; an old man who had outgrown his usefulness in the fields; two soldiers, Madeleine—

"Muskets! To the wall, quickly!" Madeleine seized a soldier by an arm, galvanizing him into instant activity. Paul mounted a bastion and peered out. The others were already firing at each Iroquois who showed himself. There were few in sight. Even the Indian he had shot at the gate had disappeared—carried off by his companions. The sun was setting behind an ugly-looking bank of cloud gathering swiftly upward. A wind soughed mournfully about the stockade. They must man each bastion of the outer wall, and maintain unremitting vigilance. Finished with their butchery of the harvesters they had found unprotected in the fields, the Iroquois would almost certainly attempt to storm the fort sooner or later. They must see to muskets—powder . . .

Paul's glance swept the river. A boat was approaching the shore.

"A canoe, Mademoiselle," he cried. "Some neighbor who wants to reach the fort!"

Madeleine mounted the bastion beside him and gazed riverward. In an instant she was in the courtyard again calling out between the musket shots to one of the soldiers. "You must go to the river, and bring them in! I shall guard the gate!"

The man hesitated, and she approached him threateningly. "Your helmet and casque, then—I shall go myself!" Scornfully she watched while trembling fingers removed the armor and handed it to her.

Behind her, Paul was instructing her elder brother: "I shall leave the gate open, so—you stand here with your musket; no one must enter, you understand! We will be only a moment!"

"To a bastion, then—and see that you do not leave it!" Madeleine waved the frightened soldier away.

* * *

SHE was well outside the stockade before she was aware that Paul was at her side. "You should not . . . but no matter! Forward, then! Perhaps the Iroquois will believe us many when they see we are unafraid! Those inside too; we must show no fear!"

In a moment they were at the river, not once having looked behind them! The canoe was landed and the neighbor and his family marched before the two up to the waiting gate, the Iroquois making no offensive move other than a marvellously ill-aimed musket shot or two that hurt no one.

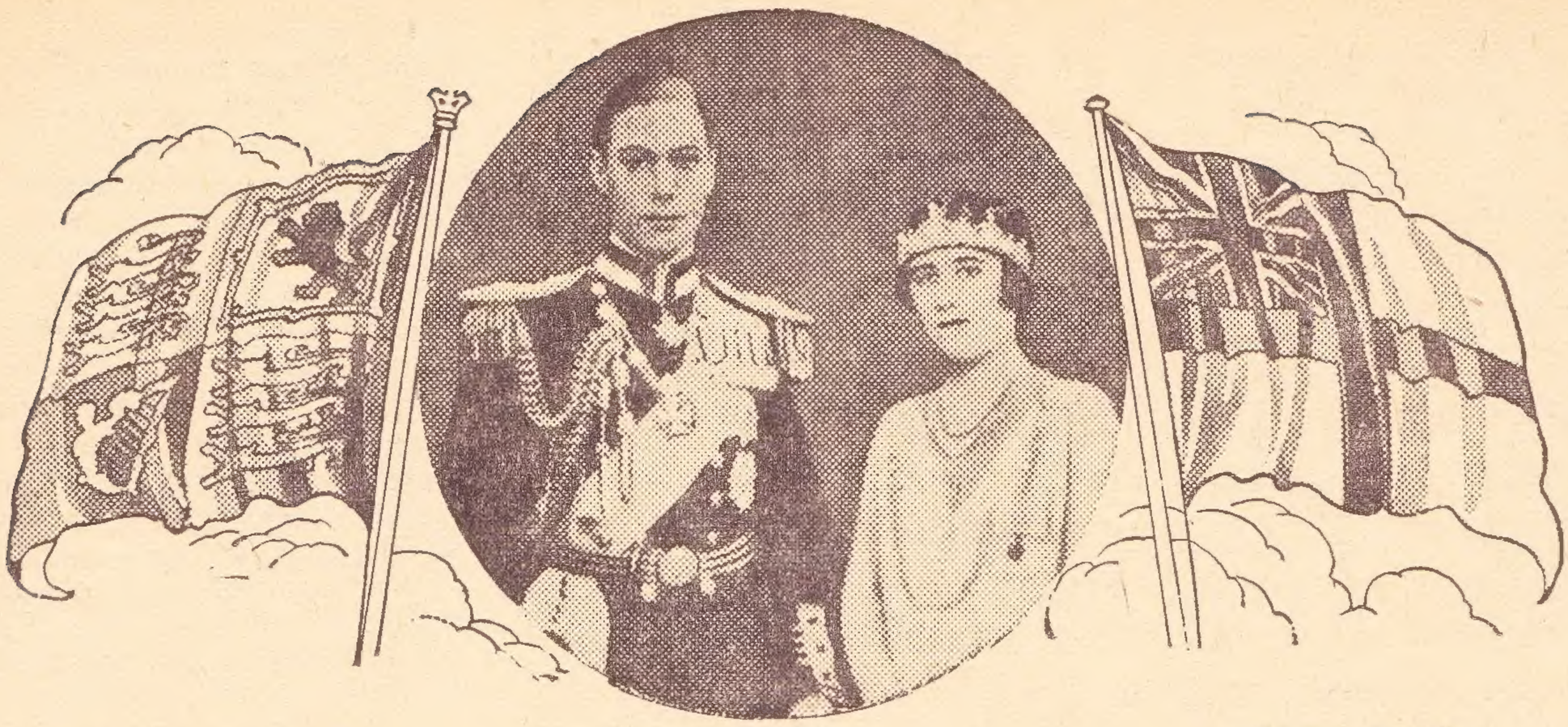
Paul's eyes gleamed with admiration as he took the heavy timbers from the hands of Madeleine who had herself turned to bar the gate.

An hour of persistent musket fire from both sides followed, without casualty within the palisades. Leaving the elder boy to guard his bastion, Paul sought Madeleine.

At the block-house door he paused at sound of her voice, raised sharply, and vibrant with anger:

"For sham,e Gaspard! You coward! Are we not all soldiers of King Louis?

(Please turn to Page 10.)



—Courtesy C. P. R.

CANADA'S FLAG

By MARION W. FOX

EVERY country has its flag. A flag is an "emblem", or sign, of a country. Flags are very old. Away back in Bible times we read that Moses told the Children of Israel in their wanderings, "Every man of the Children of Israel shall pitch his tent by his own standard (flag) with the ensign of their father's house."

Everyone loves the flag of his own country best, that is only natural and right. All Canadian girls and boys feel that there is no flag like the Union Jack. While United States children feel the same about their flag, the Stars and Stripes. We should always remember that the flag of another country doubtless means as much to the people of that land as our flag means to us and so should respect their feelings for it. Because we love our own flag best does not mean that we dislike the flags of other countries—that would not be Christian.

NEARLY every flag has a history, or story—a story of how it came to be. And the Union Jack—our flag, has a wonderful story and is an old, old flag. But the Union Jack is not the flag of Canada alone; it is the flag of England, Scotland, a part of Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, India, and many other lands. In fact, about one-quarter of the world's population have the Union Jack for theirs; for all these countries are part of what is called "The British Empire," with one king and one flag.

It is very interesting to know how they first came to call a flag a "jack". Long years ago when knights rode about doing brave deeds or when people went on "Crusades"—holy wars—they wore jackets over their armor, bearing in front, or on the breast, an emblem or sign, showing from what family, or country, they had come, or who was their master or leader, or probably what they were fighting for. This symbol might be a cross, an animal, or some special design. After a while it came to be that they spoke of the symbol alone as the "jacket"—or jacque, as they spelled it then. As the language, through the course of the years, underwent changes, the word "jacque" became simply "jack". So a "jack" became the symbol of a small single flag of one person, family or country.

AT first England was just a country by itself—there was no "British Empire". It had a flag of its own. This flag was the "jack" of their national hero, Saint George. Saint George was a Christian knight of pure character who performed many brave deeds. It is told that at one time he saved a princess from being devoured by a terrible dragon. When St. George rode forth to fight for Christianity he wore on his shield a big red cross as a sign of the Christianity for which he stood and for which he died. That was his "jack". So this big red cross on a white ground (St. George's cross) became England's first flag. That was away back in the year 1194 when Richard 1st was king.

After many years England and Scotland became united. But Scotland, too, had a jack of its own—the flag of their national hero and patron saint: a brave Christian man called St. Andrew. ("Andrew, Simon Peter's brother". We read of him in the Gospels). This jack was a diagonal white cross on a blue ground (shaped like the letter X). So they decided they would make a union flag, by having the big red cross of St. George through the centre of the flag and St. Andrew's white cross on a blue ground across from the corners. This was the first **Union Jack.**

YEARS afterwards Ireland became united with England and Scotland—"the British Isles", with one king. But Ireland, too, had a flag (jack) of its own which it did not want to give up—the flag of their national hero, a great and good man whom they called "Saint Patrick". (St. Patrick gave up nearly his whole life bringing the Irish to Christianity). Their flag was also a cross and the same shape (diagonal) as that of Scotland only of different colors: red on a white background. So, in 1801, in the reign of George 111, a new "Union Jack" was formed, composed of the three crosses. And this is how they did it: placed the English wide red cross in the centre; the white diagonal cross of Scotland (on a blue back-ground) from corner to corner; and on top of this white cross the red diagonal cross of Ireland—a narrow cross so that the white cross under would show at the edges. The variation in the width of the white diagonal is to show that it stands for two things, the white cross of St. Andrew and the white ground for the red cross of St. Patrick. To fly the Union Jack correctly "the broad white stripe" must be uppermost next the pole.

So—there we have it; the UNION JACK of today which is the national flag of Canada and of the whole British Empire. Thus, we learn, that our flag was founded on Christianity, something of which we must all be proud—the cross is the emblem of the Christian religion (Christ who originated the Christian religion died on a cross). The three countries who originated the Union Jack had the cross on each of their "jacks" because their leaders were outstanding Christians and chose to have a design on their own personal jacks that symbolized Christianity, instead of any other symbol.

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JUNE 21, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : In the days of these kings shall God set up a kingdom.—Dan. 2:44.

Mon. : Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.—John 3:3.

Tue. : The Kingdom of God is not in meat and drink.—Rom. 14:17.

Wed. : The Kingdom of God is not in word but in power.—1 Cor. 4:20.

Thu. : The unrighteous shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.—1 Cor. 6:9.

Fri. : His Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom and His dominion is from generation to generation.—Dan. 4:3.

Sat. : Thy Kingdom come.—Matt. 6:10.

Next to love of God, the love of country is the best preventive of crime. —George Borrow.

Hold fast to the eternal verities.

"What is true civilization?
Not comfort and prosperity
But courage and sincerity."

Peace of heart, peace of home, peace in the nation will work for peace throughout the world.

God reigns: and if His people will stand by in faith, He will triumph now or just as soon as enough people really want His will to be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

TO THE PACIFIST

When a wretch
For private gain or hatred takes a life,
We call it murder, crush him, brand his name;
But when for some great public cause an arm
Is without love or hate austerely raised
Against a power exempt from common checks,
Dangerous to all, to be but thus annulled—
Ranks any man with murder such an act? —Matthew Arnold.

All our past proclaims our future:
Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her,
England yet shall stand.
—Swinburne.

Whilst freedom is true to itself, everything becomes subject to it.—Burke.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat. —Longfellow.

I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. —Carlyle.

A NEW ARMY

IN London on Sunday, June 2, Major-General L. W. Amps of the Auxiliary Military Pioneers' Service, Royal Engineers, called for recruits of all ages for a new kind of army to fight for good against evil. General Amps spoke with an Admiral just returned from convoy duty and a major from the B.E.F., to an audience of 1,300 people in Battersea Town Hall, supporting the Mayor's campaign to strengthen civilian morale.

"If we are to do our utmost for England," General Amps said, "each one of us must look to ourselves to see if any of the things against which we are fighting—dishonesty, selfishness, greed —still exist in us. A new army must go into every home and office, fighting for good under the leadership of God. From that will come victory over evil."

Other speakers included wives and mothers of men in the services and factory workers. All said they had found through moral and spiritual rearmament new strength and initiative in their tasks and power to help others face danger, bereavement and hardship.

It is important to live at the place where we can recognize the presence of God.—Selected.

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Not in the Abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part;
The gallant boys of the old Brigade
They sleep in old England's heart.
—Weatherly.

God will give the seed to the sower in the spring, not alms to the sluggard in harvest.

A PRAYER

(By an Ex-Canadian-Soldier,)

May be sung to the tune "Hark, Hark, My Soul"—(Pilgrims of the Night).

O, Light of God, our only guide and comfort
In hours of darkest trial and of doubt
Continue still Thy kindly council, Father;
Thy Heavenly Messengers send round about.

Our Father God, when sore oppressed and troubled,
Our weary eyes we faithful turn to Thee;
Give us that peace our Loving Saviour promised
Ere from this world He passed to be with Thee.

Guard our defenders now, who, lone and weary,
Defiant, face the tyrant, fear unknown;
Who through the lonely hours of nightly vigil
Through mist and rain can see Thy blessed form.

O, Jesus Christ, o'ershadow those now dying,
Who, faithful to Thy trust, give all for Thee.
Have sweet communion with them, Lord and Master,
Until the day dawn and the shadows flee. . . .

These are they, Father, who, Thy love possessing,
In distant lands left all to follow Thee.
Open to them, we pray, the gates of Heaven
That they in love and peace may ever be.

Young People's Bible Reading

Jonah: God's Love for All Men

by BURGAN

For Sunday
JUNE 30, 1940.
Jonah 3:1-10; 4:10, 11.

ONE of the difficulties with which Ezra and Nehemiah had to contend was the fact that many Jews had married wives of the surrounding peoples. Nehemiah (13: 23-31) tells us that he was very violent in his protest. Like most great reformers he had one object in view and drove toward it without regard to consequences. His object was to keep the Jewish people and the Jewish religion free from the foreign influences which had so often imperilled them in the times of the Judges and the Kings.

The law against mixed marriages was necessary. On the other hand, with the imperfect knowledge of Old Testament times people had not reached the high, beautiful and sacred thought of marriage given by our Lord, "What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder." (Matt. 10:6)

The wholesale dissolution of mixed marriages under Ezra and Nehemiah must in many cases have caused sorrow and hardship.

Then there was the problem of these neighboring heathen and "heretical" people in general. There were some good people among them. Malachi, though he was altogether in sympathy with the purposes of Ezra and Nehemiah, contrasted the lack of zeal of so many of his own people with the true piety and goodness of many Gentiles who worshipped the God of Israel. "My name 'is' great among the Gentiles." (Mal. 1:11. R.V.) (See John 1:9; Acts 10:34, 35; 15:22-31)

Two Great Stories

THERE were Jews who saw this. When argument is only likely to antagonize people; one of the best ways of getting them to reconsider their position is by telling them a story. Most likely it was at this time that the Book of Ruth was published. The facts dated from the time of the Judges six hundred years before. But here they were presented afresh. The lovely story of a woman's tender faithfulness. The near ancestress of Israel's ideal hero, David. And yet an alien woman —Ruth the Moabitess.

Another "historical story" touching the very high-water mark of Old Testament teaching appeared at this time also. The whole Book of Jonah is the word of a prophet, a prophet of profound insight and spiritual vision. He is a grand hand at telling a story and possesses a fine sense of humor which he devotes to the highest purposes.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,
But love must needs be stronger far,
Outreaching all and gathering in
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

* * *

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit:
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and twilight centries sit.

* * *

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen o'er the heads of all.

* * *

Shine, light of God!—make broad Thy scope
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
With Heaven's compassion make our longings poor!

—*John G. Whittier.*

* * *

I shall not revive the old controversy as to whether the book is to be considered a strict narrative of fact, or as a story written to teach great truths about God and man like the Pilgrim's Progress.

A boy in Sunday School tells me that what he likes about Old Testament stories is "what they mean." This is exactly how the Hebrews looked at their stories. They loved them for their spiritual value.

There are well-authenticated instances of men having been swallowed by cachalot whales and being cast up alive. But the "great fish" is not the important character in the story. Read the whole book. It consists of four short chapters and is one of the best "short stories" ever written.

The prophet Jonah was a historical character. We read of him in 2 Kings 14:25. He was therefore a contemporary of Amos and Hosea, about 200 years before Nehemiah's time. His home was in Gath-hepher not far from Nazareth.

A Prophet's Adventures

OUR narrative begins where he is called by God to go to Nineveh and "cry against it." Nineveh, as you will remember was the splendid capital of the old Assyrian Empire overthrown 607 B.C. but flourishing in the time of Jonah.

You can imagine how the beginning of this story would grip the patriotic Jews who listened to it.

But the story goes on to tell how the Jewish prophet disobeys God and tries to flee away to Tarshish in Spain. Then comes the great storm. The sailors start calling on their gods and demand that Jonah also do his bit of praying. He declares that he worships the Lord who made the sea and the dry land but that he is trying to run away from Him!

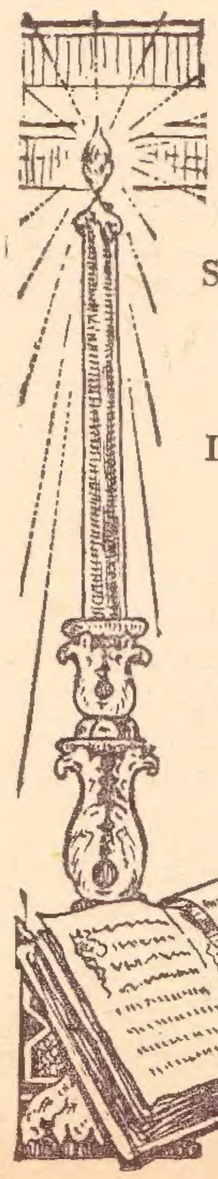
Jonah tells them to throw him overboard but these brave Phoenicians, heathen though they are, row hard to bring the ship with its "unlucky" passenger to land. When they do finally cast him into the sea it is with a prayer to the God of the Hebrews, and when the tempest ceases it is to the God of the Hebrews that they offer sacrifice and make vows.

Here we see the story-teller contrasts the disobedience of the Jewish prophet with the courage, faithfulness and piety of the heathen sailors. The teaching is like that of our Lord in His story of the Good Samaritan.

Jonah from the belly of the whale prays to God in a beautiful psalm. Like many another man who has tried to get away from God he finds that through God's mercy that is impossible.

Imagine how the thrilling incidents and, with them, the many lessons of the story, must have impressed those

(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse

Salvation is of the Lord.

—Jonah 2:9.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Jonah 3:1-4.
Tue.—Jonah 3:5-10.
Wed.—Jonah 4:10, 11.
Thu.—Luke 11:29-32.
Fri.—Acts 11:17-21.
Sat.—Psalm 96:1-10.
Sun.—Matthew 28:16-20.

A Flying Ace's Record

Flying Officer Arthur Edmund Clouston has an almost legendary reputation in the R.A.F. of having an iron nerve, and being one of the most physically fit men in the world of flying. He was one of the first civilians to be appointed as a test pilot at the Royal Air Crafts Establishment at Farnborough. He is a non-smoker and a teetotaler.—"London Observer."
ver."

Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.C. P., said: "Alcohol, like chloroform, is a narcotic poison—it is in no sense a food: it reduces the animal heat and force, overtaxes the heart, weakens the muscles, paralyses the brain and nervous system generally, induces many bodily and mental diseases, implants evil influences which pass from one generation to another, lessens the happiness and usefulness, and shortens the life of every generation that indulges in its use."

God's Quiet Hour

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to wane,
Comes the light for my day's occupation,
As I leave it to God to name.
I open my mind to His bidding,
As together alone we commune.
I call and He answers; I listen,
And He puts my whole being in tune.
God speaks to me there in the silence,
I listen, God speaks in His wisdom
Giving me each day the right start.
I can count on His voice every time,
Because I am learning His language,
And He has always known mine.
Not words, which are made up of letters
That men have concocted for speech,
But a world-wide language, untarnished
By race or creed, which men teach,
Just a burning, glowing vibration,
Which each of us know in our heart.

—Contributed.

JONAH

(Continued from Page 7.)

who first heard it at the gate or in the market-place in Jerusalem.

But the "story-teller" has not yet finished. Jonah goes to Nineveh, the "exceeding great city". Up the great avenue with its sculptures of war and hunting, past towering temples and palaces, through rich bazaars crowded with people of every nation, goes the ragged and weather-stained prophet with his reiterated cry, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

Then again heathen people "believed God" and proclaimed a fast. Word comes to the King and he comes down from his throne, lays aside his royal robe and covers himself with sackcloth and calls on his people to make the fast a real one by "turning every one from his evil way."

The narrator says, "God repented of the evil, which he said he would do unto them." That is, God "changed His mind." We must remember that this is Old Testament thought and Old Testament language. (Ex. 32:14; Jer. 18:8)

Now Jonah was exceedingly displeased. "His anger had a double cause, wounded pride that his words are proved false, and indignation that the God of Israel should pity heathen, only fit to be fuel for fire." (Dummelow) He feels that God by "changing His mind" has let him down. There have been many "good" people like Jonah!

God's Great Love

AGAIN fancy you are in the group in Jerusalem listening to the story. Others have crowded round. We are all keyed up to hear "what happened next." Certainly Jonah is in a very bad temper. He almost rebukes God for His grace and compassion! He even prays that God may take away his life. And then God asks the sulky prophet, "Doest thou well to be angry?" A question which doubtless makes him more angry than ever.

Jonah goes out of the city constructs a little tent of branches, and makes himself as comfortable as possible, till he "sees what shall become of the city." Perhaps God will destroy it after all!

Things appear to be turning his way. God "prepares" a little palm tree—as He had "prepared" the great fish,—that it may shelter him with its broad leaves. Jonah is "exceedingly glad because of the gourd."

Alas! his gladness is short-lived. God "prepares" a worm that destroys the gourd so that it withers. God also "prepares" a "sultry east wind", the Sirocco from the desert. The sun beats upon Jonah's unprotected head, he lies fainting and again requests that he may die.

The question comes, "Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd?"

If you are tired and hot and your nerves are all on edge you know how a question irritates you—especially if it has been asked and answered already. So poor Jonah snaps out, "I do well to be angry even unto death!"

Jonah has felt pity for himself as an ill-used prophet. He feels that the gourd likewise has been hardly treated. "A wonderfully true touch of human nature." (Dummelow)

And then comes the grand answer. The word to which the whole book of drama and adventure has been leading.

"Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: and should not I have pity on Nineveh, that great city; wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

Jonah had pity on the gourd though he had not made it to grow. God has made these Ninevites. He loves them though till now they have not known Him. "Shall not God have pity on these creatures made in His image, into which He breathed His breath.—Flowers of His heart are they." (Horton)

Six-score thousand persons.—"That would mean children under two years old. As such commonly form one-tenth of the population, we suppose Nineveh to contain 1,200,000 people. The cattle are also the Lord's and He cares for them.

"The sudden conclusion of the book is very impressive. . . . We are left with the great thought that God pities and God cares for the vast populations of all heathen cities, and even for the dumb creatures that serve them. . . .

"(An autnor) has summoned the passage to give us hope for the vast, obscure, shifting, meaningless, purposeless sea of humanity that floods a modern city, like London. The only comfort is, God knows and cares for each." (Horton)

"There is no finer close in literature than this ending. . . Its echoes are heard still in every crowded haunt of men. Above the stir and din and wickedness the Infinite Compassion is still brooding." (Dummelow)

It is difficult to take in this message in war time but we must try to do so. Shall we not do our part so that men everywhere may learn that God loves them and calls them to love and abide in Him?

Questions

1. **Who was Jonah?**
2. **What city did he preach in?**
3. **Was Nineveh a Jewish city?**
4. **What did the Ninevites do?**
5. **Was Jonah glad that God spared them?**
6. **What was a gourd?**
7. **What is the great message of the Book of Jonah?**

(For Answers please turn to Page 12.)

In intercession, naming in our heart those particularly known to us who may be in these general conditions, let us silently commend to Our Father's loving care:—

All who have gone forth from the shelter and strengthening associations of the Home Church on war service; The chaplains who minister to them, both overseas and in home camps; Those who face the peril of the seas, including missionaries and their families.—Sel.

A Night's Adventures in Chungking

"Such an Invitation Comes to very Few".

A CERTAIN Canadian, one-time aviator in the World War, was in attendance upon some official business in China's capital, and in the course of his visit had an opportunity to meet General and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. Unable to finish the matter they had in hand, Madame Chiang extended an invitation to share their evening meal with them.

The dinner appointment was for 7.40, but at 7 o'clock the Canadian found himself in the immediate vicinity of the Chiang home. It was too far to return to his hotel and come back to the dinner, and there was nothing to do in the neighborhood.

Accordingly, he decided to present himself at his host's door a half hour early, hoping to be excused for his early arrival.

Madame Chiang answered his knock, meeting him personally. "You're early", she said, as she ushered him into the simple living room.

"Yes, and for that I apologize, but I was in the neighborhood with nothing to do, and I ventured to come in ahead of time," the Canadian replied.

"It is quite all right," his hostess assured him, "But I have some work that I must finish before dinner, and if you will entertain yourself with these magazines, I will go ahead. The Generalissimo will be in shortly to greet you."

The Canadian confesses to an interest in his surroundings that can well be understood, and for listening to the conversation that went on between Madame Chiang and a servant a few minutes later, he can, perhaps, be forgiven. The evening lamps were lighted and all was quiet in the living-room when the servant appeared and approaching his mistress said in a low tone of voice, "We have just had word that there is to be an air-raid in thirty minutes. In twenty minutes the lights will go out."

Madame Chiang glanced at her watch, and then said very quietly, "Bring me my flashlight." "Here it is," the servant answered, laying it down on the desk and retiring.

Madame Chiang went on writing as unpertubed as if she had been told that dinner would be served in twenty minutes, but the Canadian said he was trembling from head to foot. Here he was under the same roof with two people who were wanted by Japanese bombers more than any other two people in the world. If the Generalissimo and his brilliant wife could be bombed, it would be worth more to the Japanese than the destruction of a whole Chinese army.

Madame Chiang could not possibly have been unaware of the tenseness of the moment, but she apparently gave it not the slightest thought, aside from an occasional glance at her watch.

Fifteen minutes that seemed hours dragged by, and the Canadian was all eyes and ears.

At last Madame Chiang looked up from her writing, glanced at her watch and said, "We have just had word that there will be an air-raid within a few minutes. The lights will go out in one minute, and I will ask you to go with me into the yard."

So saying she arose, picked up some papers and her flashlight, and seemed to be preparing to leave the house, when the General appeared. Almost at the same instant the house was plunged into darkness. Lighting their way with the little flash-light the three passed out into the night.

Somewhere in the yard they stopped, and in the distance the roar of the planes could be distinctly heard.

Two minutes afterwards the bombs began dropping, and bursting with a thunderous roar. Less than a quarter of a mile away three bombs dropped, destroying an entire block of the city of Chungking. The night sky was lighted up by the explosions and the fires that followed, and after the planes had passed over, Madame Chiang said, "We will go back now. It is all over."

As they sat at dinner, no mention was made of the raid. The General and his wife spoke quietly of the war, of the sufferings of the Chinese people, of the amazing spirit of unity that was coming into being within the nation, and of the great reforms that must come if China was to become a great modern nation. But there was not one word about personal danger, or the night's bombings.

The Canadian had come to the moment when he felt he should excuse himself and return to his hotel. As he prepared to go General Chiang said, "Must you go immediately? We would be happy if you would stay and join us in our evening's devotions."

Such an invitation comes to very few, and the Canadian quickly acquiesced, seating himself again. With that a Bible was produced and the General began by reading some Scriptures, then the three joined in prayer.

Says the Canadian, "I never expect to hear such a prayer again in all my life. The General began with a simple expression of thanks for their personal safety. Then he added thanks for the courage of the nation under fire. Then he prayed for strength for himself, and added a most earnest plea for guidance and wisdom, that he should not fail the people.

But the most amazing thing in his prayer was a plea that God would help him, and help China, not to hate the Japanese people. He prayed for the Japanese Christians, and all the suffering multitudes of Japan whose impoverishment was making the war on China possible. He prayed for the people who were bombed, for forgiveness for those who dropped the bombs.

In the simplest and humblest terms he laid himself at the service of Almighty God,, and begged that he might know the Divine Will, and do it on the morrow.

When the thirty minutes of Scripture and prayer were concluded, the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang rose, and extended their hands in friendly good-nights.—New Witness.

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged & forwarded to Official Treasurer		$459.48
Further Contributions		265.59
M.L.C., Havana, Cuba	1.00	
E. May Fraser, Sask.	10.00	
Mr. and Mrs. N. Brown, Ont. .	5.18	
Mrs. J. J. Ferguson, N.S.	4.20	
"A Friend", N.S.	5.00	
Margaret Steele, B.C.	2.00	27.38
Total		$752.45

It is a notable fact that the outstanding leaders and teachers of both Old and New Testament days were in a peculiar sense praying men.—War Cry.

DEAR CHUMS,—

I wonder how many of you can write a letter on "What Dominion Day Means to Me"—a letter good enough to be published in the Northern Messenger, and that would help other young people reading it to have a deeper love for their country and a better understanding of what the Dominion Day can mean to each and every Canadian?

How many of you could tell another person about the founding of our Dominion and the vision that people had for the new country? Canada was to be a land in which God should "have dominion (rule) from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth." What a picture! Our great country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and from the St. Lawrence river to the far tip of the northwestern provinces where the snow-covered land meets the snow-covered Arctic Ocean.

From Cape Breton to Yukon the people of Canada, dwelling under the laws of our Federal Government and worshipping Almighty God, have a tremendous amount of freedom and wonderful opportunities for adventure and service.

We have this freedom because it was given to us, we were born to it. It was given to our ancestors on the first Dominion Day, July 1st, 1867. What does Dominion Day mean to us now? What does it mean to YOU? What does it make you think of? Does it make you feel grateful? Does it make you feel glad? What does it make you want to do? Do you think the youth of Canada appreciate their freedom enough? Do you think they find ways of showing their appreciation? Can you suggest ways of showing it? Write a letter entitled, "What Dominion Day Means to Me" and tell us what you think about it all. Ask your friends to write too.

The writers of the best letters will be awarded the special Dominion Day Maple Leaf Badge offered by the Editors of the Northern Messenger for every writer whose letter is found good enough to qualify in this new contest.

Address your letter to AUNT RUTH, c|o The Northern Messenger, P.O. Box 3070 Place d'Armes, Montreal, Que. Start writing now. It is never too early to *begin*.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I thought I would write you a long letter some day, but I guess I won't wait till I can compose a really long interesting letter. I'll just send you a few lines today. When we were little, Dad taught us to say grace at table, like this:

"Father, thank you for this food.
Bless us, help us to be good."

One night when he came home he found we had not done some of the little things around the house that we were supposed to do each day, so he told us about how this home belonged to us (Jimmie and me) as much as to him and Mother and said we should be glad and thankful to have a good home to help keep neat. Then he taught us another verse, like this:

"Father, thank you for this work,
Bless us, help us not to shirk."

And we began to see how silly it was of anyone not to think a lot of their home and not to want to help make it beautiful and comfortable. We have lots of fun playing round, and Mother likes us to bring our friends in too. I forgot to tell you we are twins eleven years old. Cheerio,—Mary and Jimmy Brown, Quebec.

To Margaret E. Hornibrook
from Evelyn Dobson

Dear Margaret,—I am very glad to write to you in answer to your letter in the Messenger of May 17th in which you said you would like to know if you had a twin. I was nine on May 22nd. So that makes us very nearly twins, doesn't it? I live in a small village in the Province of Quebec. There are about 30 pupils in our school and two teachers. Our teacher has from Grade One to Grade Five and the Principal has from Grade Six to Grade Nine. There is no tenth grade.

It takes us about 10 or 15 minutes to walk to school because we live at the other end of the village from the schoolhouse. In the summer we take a short-cut across the fields from the back of our house and come out between the blacksmith's and the bridge across the river.

In the summer-time the river gets very low and you could wade across it qutie easily which we often long to do. But mother won't let us. She says we would be sure to fall down and get ourselves all wet, even if we didn't get drowned. "Us" means myself and my sister. She is two years older than I am. Her name is Nancy. She says she doesn't s'pose we'll ever wade the river because besides going against mother's rule it would be very horrible to get all wet.

Well, I must close now. Please write to me soon. Your loving Chum,—Evelyn Dobson, Que.

To Jetta C. Lewis from
Mary Grindlay

Dear Jetta,—I saw your letter saying "hoping to hear from Chums everywhere." I think I am the first Chum to write, but I hope you will get many more pen-pals besides me.

I am very interested in the Northern Messenger and I like especially the many pictures of the King and Queen that appear from time to time. I think our Queen is one of the most wonderful women who ever lived.

I love skating as you do and I like roller skating too. In summer we play basketball in the yard at our school. Some of the older girls are pretty good players. I am only a beginner. I cannot shoot the ball very well but I can catch it all right. Sometimes at noon-hour the ones of us who finish our lunch first take the ball and go and practise with it till the others come.

We are doing a lot of Red Cross work at our school and all the ladies in our town are knitting and sewing and they are giving quite a lot of teas to raise money for the Red Cross.

Our school will soon be out. We have written some of our exams and will soon be having them all and then our school work will be over for another year. But I hope you will continue to write to me this summer through the Northern Messenger, as it keeps on all summer. And I want to keep up my correspondence. Yours sincerely,—Mary Grindlay, Que.

BUGLES AT VERCHERES

(Continued from Page 4.)

I have just told the others that though they saw me cut to little pieces before their very eyes, they must never surrender! Then I find you preparing to blow us all up rather than face the enemy like Frenchmen!"

She passed a hand distractedly across her eyes as Paul entered the room. A soldier stood shamefaced and trembling beside a keg of powder spilled on the floor.

(To Be Concluded.)

PIONEER CHILDREN

By Rose Butcher Johnston

For the Messenger.

LOUANN DOLBY wiped the last dinner plate and replaced it in the cupboard. She looked down the timbered trail which her husband, George Dolby had taken at daylight to go to the village to get the mail and have some corn ground into meal. She brought out a bag of beans and after washing them, poured some of them into an iron pot with a piece of pork shoulder to cook. The fire needed more wood, but she found only a few sticks left in the box.

Bob Dolby and his little sister Anne were playing with their pet black cat and had tied papers on its feet. They laughed heartily at its antics as it kicked about the room trying to shake off the paper boots.

"Bob, I wouldn't worry the cat. He doesn't like those papers on his feet. I want you to carry in some wood."

"Aw, Ma, I want Anne to help me. The lazy thing never does anything but help with the dishes and sew dresses for that old rag doll."

"Anne will help you and I want you to hurry for I must go over to Aunt Nellie's and take care of her and the new baby. I want you children to stay in the house while I am away. Your Pa saw some bear tracks down by the spring this morning."

"Oh, who's afraid of an old bear? If I see him I'll get Pa's gun down and shoot him," boasted Bob.

Anne giggled.

"I'll bet you'd be so scared you couldn't hit him," she teased as they left the kitchen together to get the wood.

Mrs. Dolby hesitated to leave her children alone in this wild, mountainous western country, but there was no other way. Sister Nellie needed her and she must go for a while.

"Now, children," she instructed as she was about to leave, "be sure you don't let the beans boil dry and burn. I want to have supper ready when your Pa gets home, for he will be tired and hungry. And don't forget, stay in the house," she admonished as she untied the horse from the fence and rode away.

* * *

THE children watched their mother until she had disappeared into the woods, then they proceeded to pop some corn while the fire was good and hot. Between crunching handfuls of corn, they played blind man's buff and hide the thimble and tried not to be lonesome without their mother. She seldom left them alone for Bob was only twelve and Anne younger by two years. They kept the fire going while the beans boiled and sputtered. Now and then Bob would raise the lid and peek into the pot. The water had almost boiled away. He took the tea kettle from the back of the stove. It was empty. So was the water pail.

"Phew! Anne, do you know what? There isn't a drop of water in the house. Ma forgot to get any and I don't see how we can finish the beans without water. Now, what are we going to do? Ma wanted them to be cooked when Pa got home. I don't know a thing we can do unless we go to the spring and get some water."

"Bob, you said you weren't afraid of a bear. Can't you get a pail of water?"

"Anne, I'm not scared of bears or anything else, but Ma told us to stay in the house."

"Yes, Bob, I know she did, but she said too, to get the beans cooked for Pa's supper and we can't do both. I guess if there is a bear around we can see it from the window."

"I'll tell you Anne, we'll look and if we don't see a bear I'll go to the spring. If I hurry I can get back before one comes along."

* * *

TWO childish faces were pressed against the window pane of their log cabin, but their eyes failed to encounter any bears. Bob took the pail and left the house. He had just raised up from filling his pail when he heard a grunt and looking backward, saw a bear standing only a few feet away from him. He turned and started to the house as fast as he could, still clinging to the pail of water. It seemed to him that his feet were never so heavy. He could scarcely lift them from the ground. Every minute he expected the beast to reach out and grab him as it came lumbering along after him.

Anne, watching from the window, had never been so frightened in all her life. Jumping up and down she screamed for him to hurry.

Terror stricken, Bob glanced backward. The huge beast was gaining on him and try as he might, he was unable to run any faster. He turned about in his excitement and dashed the water directly in the bear's face. Taken by surprise, the animal stopped for a moment and growled angrily. Anne had the door open and Bob just managed to duck in ahead of the bear. Anne slammed the door in front of the animal and slipped the stout bar into place.

"Get the gun and shoot him!" she cried excitedly.

* * *

BOB leaned against the door frightened and exhausted, trying to collect his scattered wits. As soon as he could, he got the gun from above the door, and raising a window slightly, took aim but his hands were unsteady and the shot went wild. The beast was undisturbed and ambled off toward the woods.

"Oh, quick, Bob, he's going away. Hurry and shoot him." Hearing her voice, the big animal turned and came back. Bob had managed to control his emotions and his hand had stopped trembling. This time when he fired, the bear reared up on his hind legs, then fell to the ground and lay still in the door yard.

"There, Anne, I guess that old rascal won't chase me any more. I told you I'd shoot him and I did," he said excitedly.

Louann Dolby saw nothing amiss as she rode into the yard until her horse began to snort and rear.

The children came running out to meet her.

"I'm sorry, Ma," began Bob, "but we didn't get the beans cooked. The water was all gone and I just had to go to the spring for more, and the bear chased me back to the house. I got Pa's gun down and shot him from the window. I'm sorry, Ma, that I disobeyed you, but I killed the bear," he exclaimed proudly.

"Won't Pa be surprised?" chattered Anne. "Now, we can have bear steak for supper instead of beans."

Though her children had disobeyed her in a way, their mother could not find it in her heart to reprimand them.

"Why, that bear might have killed Bob. Never again will I go away and leave you children alone in these woods until you are older."

Silently she thanked God that no harm had befallen her precious boy,

No Fear

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

—*W. Cowper.*

NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 2.)

said nothing. It would seem ungrateful to the kind people who cared for him to worry them about a matter which they could not help. Bessie never said a word about the farm. Sometimes her silence alarmed Allan. Could his landlord have taken back the untended fields? He had heard of such things happning. It would be the one sure way to secure the rent. Probably that was why Bessie said nothing. "But she needn't act so cheerful about it," he thought, with a spasm of impatience.

* * *

SO he had slept and read; looked wistfully at Mr. Campbell's growing crops and tried not to regret his own. It must count as a lost year, he told himself regretfully; but he had made a good record while exchanging work in his old township, so it would not be hard to get a job of work to carry him through the winter. There was that advantage in "neighboring" he thought with a whimsical smile at his disputes with Bessie. He would have to admit that she was right to that extent.

Then, after five long weeks had passed, the doctor, relaxing the severity of his rules, said that if great care were taken the invalid might be driven home.

Mr. Campbell offered at once to take him in his own big carriage and his good wife, showing an excitement which Allan could not understand, came along too for a little outing. She would not miss it for the world, he heard her whisper to Bessie; but he was too much taken up with his own anxious thoughts to wonder what great interest impended.

It was a beautiful homeward drive, between fields of broad leaved growing corn, green oats and yellowing wheat. Allan looked with a young farmer's critical eye at the carefully tended crops which they passed and thought with a pang of the five long weeks during which his own had lain neglected or left to young Robert's awkward, uncertain care. He could not bear to look in that direction as they drove up the home road; but kept his gaze fixed straight ahead or on the meadows across the way.

"Here we are," announced Bessie as the carriage stopped and her brother, schooling himself to careful indifference, turned for a glimpse of the unkempt yard and weedy grass-grown crops,—to find them wanting! In his earliest, most enthusiastic farming days, the houselot had never been kept more neatly trimmed, nor the fields more carefully tended.

* * *

ALLAN passed his hands before his eyes as if to clear his vision, and looked across the long rows of perfectly cultivated potatoes, to the wide field of well-grown corn and the smooth-topped nodding wheat. Not one they had seen in all their long drive could exceed his own in luxuriant growth and careful cultivation.

As he continued to stare, Robert came running from the house with a shout of joyous welcome, and John Graham in a homelike, accustomed way came out of the barn and hurried across to greet the travellers. "Welcome home, Allan," he called, hastening his steps to offer a supporting arm.

Allan's trembling lips could not speak; but his smile of bewildered joy said more than words, and no one felt impatient that his frequent stops to look with delight at his well tended fields delayed their progress to the house.

Young Robert, however, was not wanting in volubility and poured forth information, while Allan could only stop and admire.

"Every one of your old neighbors had a hand in it," he declared joyously. "Tim Burley went twice over the potatoes, he said to pay for the time you helped to get in his corn while he was sick. Even old Grandfather Holst came over to help. I let him ride a bit on the cultivator and I don't believe he did much harm," finished the boy whimsically, adding, "why, even the folks around here who hardly know you at all wanted to do something, and—"

But Robert's flow of words were stopped here to give Allan a chance to see for himself. As they neared the doorstep, a work team passed along the side of the yard, coming from a field at the back; the big gray team still in harness, as if they had just been loosed from the cultivator. They were ridden by a large-eyed Swede, who grinned a jovial welcome.

"Want trash me now you be got well?" he called joyfully, adding with a wave of his great hand toward the luxuriant fields, "Ah bane beezy," and then rode on without waiting for Allan's broken word of thanks.

"Now will you believe in neighboring?" demanded Bessie, womanlike, insisting on the last word in the argument. At which Allan, carefully placed in the easy chair with the help of John and Robert, laughingly raised both hands in token of complete surrender.

Answers to Young People's Bible Reading

1. A Hebrew prophet.
2. Nineveh.
3. No. It was heathen. The capital of Assyria.
4. They repented.
5. No. He was angry.
6. A small palm tree.
7. That God made and loves everyone.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Sunday Magazine
Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

INTERDENOMINATIONAL
See further description elsewhere

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Keep your WITS WORKING

A GUESSING GAME

HERE is a guessing competition which everyone will be able to do, for everyone uses SOAP. Here's an opportunity to name your favorite brands.

What soaps are suggested by:—

1. Two trees; 2. Daylight; 3. Ease; 4. A Metal; 5. The twelfth letter plus Latin for wife; 6. Belonging to a fruit; 7. A forest plus what an ostrich does with its head; 8. A child's pleasure; 9. Numerous blooms; 10. A Safety Belt; 11. A part of Spain; 12. Product of the elephant; 13. Belonging to Killarney plus an inflammable liquid; 14. Belonging to an infant.

JUMBLED FOWLS

The letters of the following phrases, differently arranged, spell the names of four well-known strains of fowl.

BRING FOP TO FUN
LUCKY ROMP HOT
NOR MICA
HER LONG

THE SAWYER'S SAW

A sawyer ordered a new saw, and when it arrived he tested it and found that it worked splendidly. "Well," he said, "of all the saws that ever I saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws."

Why does a newspaper editor carry his watch in his lower waistcoat pocket?

Answer: To tell the time with, of course.

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in wood. It isn't in stone
My 2nd's in tooth. It's also in bone
My 3rd's in mud. It isn't in clay
My 4th's in night. It isn't in day
My 5th's in nap. It isn't in sleep
My 6th's in tiger. It isn't in sheep
My 7th's in oyster. It isn't in clam
My 8th's in Ned. It isn't in Sam
My 9th's in moon. It isn't in sun
My 10th's in fire. It isn't in gun
My 11th's in cat. It isn't in dog
My 12th's in beam. It isn't in log
My 13th's in nugget. It isn't in gold
My 14th's in shape. It isn't in mold
My 15th's in dragon. It's not in St. George
My 16th's in valley. It isn't in gorge
My whole. Have you guessed? What's the theme of our song?
We would all do our best to protect it from wrong.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

What Am I?—Winter.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across	*Down*
1. Alms	1. Andrew
5. Hope	2. Mnason
8. Nicanor	3. Silas
9. Dial	4. Damascus
10. Spit	5. Hosts
11. Sabaoth	6. Orphan
12. Enos	7. Esther
14. Sake	13. Noah
16. Won	15. Keys
17. Ice	17. Irad
19. Ner	18. Esau
20. Trust	21. Tola
21. The	22. Elim
23. Asa	24. Alas
24. Ask	25. King
26. Lud	27. Use
28. Uel	29. Era
30. Lois	31. As
32. Rain	
33. Messias	

Riddles Contributed by Chums.—

1. Twenty-five pairs of trousers. 2. A churn. 3. An icicle. 4. Four quarters.
—Sent in by Ella Reibel, Ont.

Robert Burns once arrived upon the quay at Greenock just in time to see a wealthy merchant being rescued from the harbor. After the merchant had recovered, he thanked the sailor and solemnly presented him a shilling.

The crowd which had collected protested loudly at the parsimony: but Burns stopped them, saying: "Leave him alone. The gentleman is, of course, the best judge of the value of his life."

A school-teacher asked her class to explain the difference between results and consequences. One pupil replied: "Results are what you expect and consequences are what you get."

That's the Point

They were arguing as to whether it was correct to say of a hen, "she is sitting" or "she is setting."

"The question," said the farmer, "don't interest me at all. What I wants to know when I hear a hen cackle is whether she is laying or lying."

LOYALTY

(Continued from Page 1.)

spring and summer must be very heartening to their Majesties.

No less heartening to us is every bit of news about our Sovereigns, every glimpse of them at work amongst the members of the different war services.

When they were here in Canada we took them to our hearts and loved them. Now we can never forget them. The bonds of loyalty so strongly forged are deepened by every recollection of their presence and every fresh instance of their devotion to the cause of humanity.

As Canada approaches another anniversary of her establishment as a Dominion—July 1st—many Canadians must feel a deepened sense of the responsibility of our self-government. We have before us the example of service, the inspiration to serve. May every subject in our broad Dominion play his part in the true service of the Empire and the world.

Writers and Artists Find Material in the Maritimes

A WRITER of sea stories who is a frequent visitor to the Maritime Provinces and gets much of the material for his stories there, on being asked how it was that he came to visit Eastern Canada said, "The word 'Maritimes' fascinated me—just the word, for I knew no more of what was here than an Eskimo knows of New York City. I stuck my finger at a chart and it pointed to Lunenburg (in Nova Scotia), so my bag was slung aboard the Ocean Limited at Toronto and the next thing I remember is the smell of codfish as I walked up Lincoln Street hill." Writers, artists and many photographic enthusiasts visit the Maritime provinces in quest of material for their pen, canvas and camera. The provinces are rich in legends and romantic lore while the many idyllic scenic settings both of land and sea give ample scope for artistic skill with brush and camera.

Just The Thing

"This is the radiator and here is the fan," explained the car salesman.

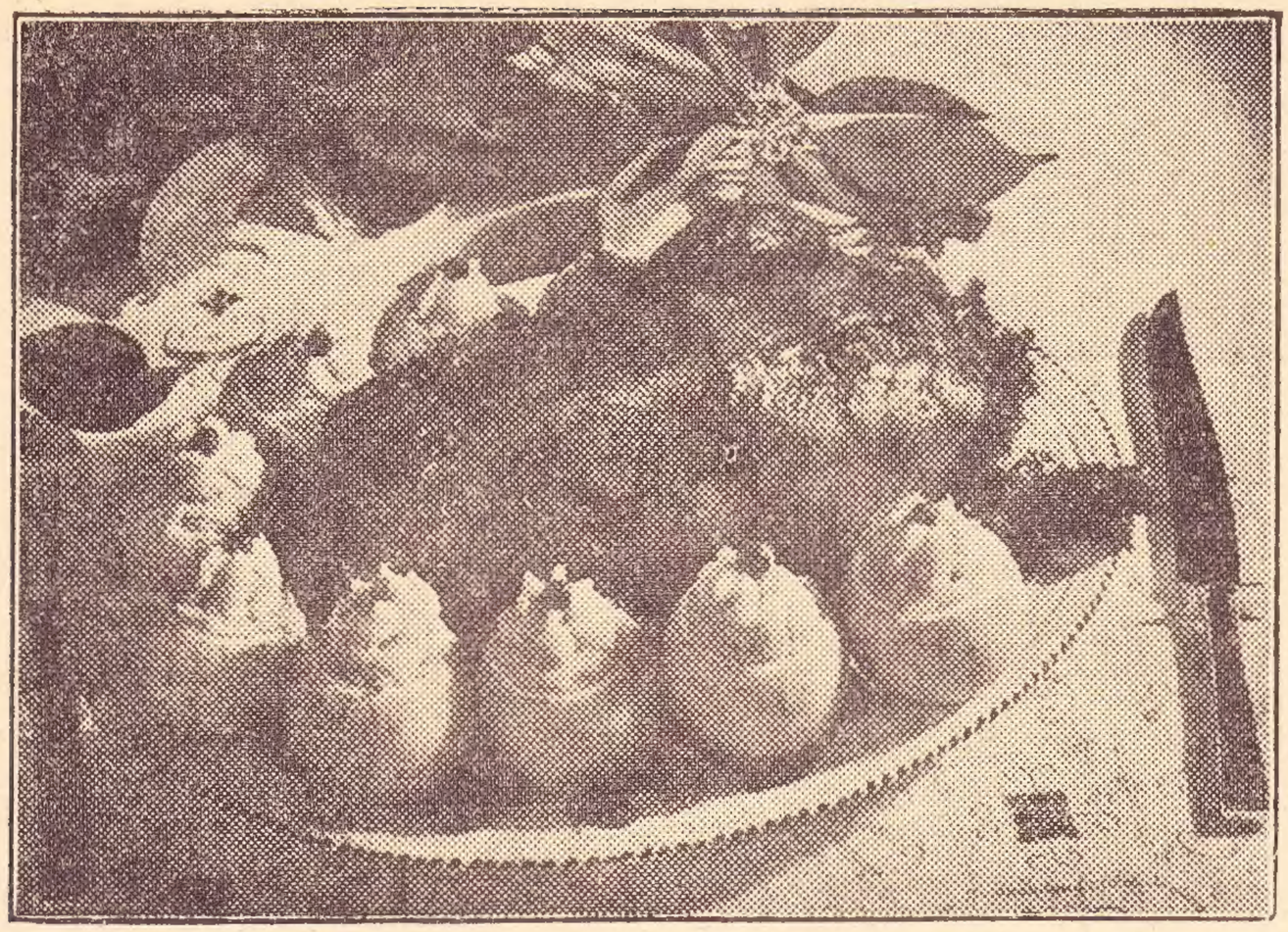
"That's fine!" announced the lady. "I've always wanted an all-season car."

Nature Teacher—When do leaves begin to turn?

Witty Willy—The day before examinations.

"Now, children," said father, "tell me who has been the most obedient during the last month, and done everything mother asked him to do?"

"You daddy," the eldest replied.



Color Schemes in Food

A TOUCH of color has the same effect on food as on our attire or in the house. Color brightens things up, makes them more attractive and in food it increases the desire and whets the appetite. Colorful frostings, toppings or decorations are always desirable and at this season of the year we are more willing to "fuss a bit" than during the heat of summer.

Red and white are the most arresting colors for there are dozens of red and white combinations available. You might elect to serve Spanish rice as the main dish; or a specially savory corned beef hash; or a juicy lamb stew, rich with tomatoes, in a rice ring. Sliced tomatoes, tiny radishes, cranberry jelly and red-skinned apple rings are a few of the red foods obtainable.

One of the most attractive red colorings for dessert use is grenadine syrup, and vanilla rennet-custard with grenadine topping carries out the red and white effect to the last delectble nibble. Best of all its qualifications as a party dessert, perhaps, is the fact that this one can be made in ten minutes, without eggs and without cooking.

Vanilla Rennet-Custard with
Grenadine Topping

2 cups milk (not canned or soft curd) or 1 cup milk and 1 cup cream, 1 package vanilla rennet powder, 1 egg white, 1-4 cup granulated sugar, 1-4 cup grenadine syrup.

Set out 4 or 5 dessert glasses. Warm milk slowly, stirring constantly. Test a drop on inside of wrist frequently. When comfortably warm, (120 degrees F.) not hot, remove at once from stove. Stir rennet powder into milk briskly until dissolved—not over one minute. Pour at once, while still liquid, into individual dessert glasses. Do not move until firm — about 10 minutes. Chill in ice box. Just before serving, beat egg white until it holds peaks; add sugar and syrup by tablespoons, beating well after each addition, and continue to beat until mixture is very stiff. Drop a puff of the mixture on each dessert and trickle a little grenadine syrup over the top.

The following menu for a luncheon party might be served buffet style to simplify it still further:

Loganberry Juice with dash of
Whipped Cream
Corned Beef Hash
Buttered Julienne Beets
Waldorf Salad in Cranberry
Jelly Mold
Hard Rolls
Vanilla Rennet-Custard with
Grenadine Topping
Coffee

Mothers Need To Take Time Off

By LUCIA MALLORY

I SEE them every day — tired mothers, cross mothers—who have not had the wisdom, to take a little "time out" from mothering their families.

There is serious-minded Mrs. Curtis, who brings her little daughter to the library and leads her to the shelves of sober books that fit into her own adult plan of educational reading. Patricia's merry brown eyes have never peeped beneath the covers of a nonsense book, and we have some delightful ones on our reading table.

Why doesn't that earnest young mother rest a few minutes from the serious business of education and just enjoy her little girl for a while?

There is tired-looking Mrs., Boone who manages to come to the library with her children and then nervously hurries them away without permitting them to make their own selection of books or to enjoy any of the displays that we have prepared for their benefit. How much better it would be for the children if she would let them come to the library by themselves and take that time for her own rest or pleasure! The library is a safe place for children to linger. The librarians are always ready to give them any assistance they need.

As a matter of fact, most children are happier to help themselves. The books seem more really to belong to them when they wander among the shelves at will. There are several children who come to the library after school and spend an hour waiting for their mothers to come from some club or party.

Nancy Harter, one of the best mothers I know, told me how she learned that she would be a better mother if she spent a little part of every week away from her children. We were having cake and coffee together at a meeting of the College Women's Club when the subject came up.

"The babies were so sweet to me when they were little that I just couldn't spend enough time with them," Nancy began. "It seemed wonderful to have a family of my own after taking care of other people's children in the schoolroom for so many years.

"An old colored woman used to come every week to do cleaning for me. One afternoon when she was there the boys were dreadfully cross and quarrelsome. I tried to amuse them, but they kept on fussing.

" 'What can be the matter with Dick and Terry?' I asked Aunt Mary. 'Neither is getting teeth and they've had plenty of food and sleep.'

" 'Da ain' nuffin' de matta wif dem boys, Mis' Ha'ta. Why don' you-all go see a good show dis afternoon?'

" 'And leave the babies with you? But you can't get your work done if you take care of them,' I protested.

"You-all jes go 'long. Dem babies don' need much tendin'.'

Fortunately I had the good sense to take Aunt Mary's advice. I came back from the picture show refreshed and rested to find the boys playing happily on a clean kitchen floor, while Aunt Mary was getting dinner.

" 'Is your cleaning all done, Aunt Mary?' I asked in amazement.

" 'Sho it am,' Aunt Mary answered, chuckling to herself in a way she had. 'Dem boys an' me, we gits a lot o' work done!'

"For a time the thought rankled that my boys would behave better with an uneducated old colored woman than with their own mother who had had years of child study and primary teaching. It did not take me long, though, to understand the reason—I had given them too much mothering.

"I've managed to take a little 'time out' every week since Aunt Mary kindly gave me the lesson I needed.

"I wish all mothers might learn that lesson and profit by it as well as you have done," I answered, thinking of Nancy's happy family and her own happy self.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association
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Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JUNE 21, 1940.

SELF-EXAMINATION

WHAT can I do today to help win the war? What can I do today to help win the peace? Am I spreading thoughts of peace and victory and faith? Or am I among those who spread hate and fear or pessimism?

Is my ultimate trust in God—using materialistic forces under His direction, or in materialistic forces only?

When I pray, what am I really asking God for? Am I praying in His Spirit—or in the spirit of bitterness and fear? Can we expect God to answer selfish prayers?

All God's promises are conditioned on honest obedience to His will. We are never so perfect as to be able to claim those promises on our own merit; that is why Jesus the sinless Saviour allows us to plead in His name and with confidence, for His sake. But are our prayers such as He would make?

Are we honestly willing for God's Kingdom to come and His will to be done on earth? What are we doing about it?

"I WILL CARRY ON"

THE late Norman McLeod Rogers, Canadian Minister of Defence had arranged to address a meeting of the Canadian and Empire Clubs in Toronto. When it became probable that Italy would enter the war Mr. Rogers asked Premier King whether he should keep the engagement.

Mr. King said that it would be better to do so and Mr. Rogers replied, "Very well, I will carry on."

As we all know Mr. Rogers was killed in an airplane crash on his way to keep his appointment.

Sorrowfully recalling the last words from his colleague the Prime Minister said in the House of Commons, "I feel that these are the words that he would like me to give to my colleagues, to all honorable members of this House and to the people of the country at this time. Come what may, a solemn obligation rests upon the shoulders of all of us, and that obligation is to carry on, no matter what the circumstances may be."

In the passing of Mr. Rogers Canada lost a good citizen and a valuable public servant.

Mr. Rogers was a man of both moral and physical courage. Successive medical boards turned him down as unfit for active civil life, let alone war, but with a high heart he overcame his disability and served as Private Rogers in the World War of twenty-five years ago.

As a student after the war he won high academic honors, including the 1919 Rhodes Scholarship for Nova Scotia. He spent three years at Oxford and five in the chair of History at his own university, Acadia, Nova Scotia. Here also he served his country well.

He was persuaded to enter politics in 1935 and became Minister of Labor. Last September, shortly after Canada entered the War, he was called to the post of National Defence.

He gave his life for his country and its cause as truly as if he had fallen in battle.

He had prepared an address to deliver at the Toronto meeting. In it while urging courage and determination to fight the war out to the end he had a brave, kindly word for our many loyal, naturalized Canadian citizens technically of "enemy alien" origin.

> "We shall never, I believe, subscribe to that policy of total proscription. There are thousands . . . here because they have seen and experienced the horrors that accompany oppressive government in other lands. They expected freedom of thought and action when they came here, and so far as it lies within us they should receive what they expected to secure. But they must not cross the line that divides loyalty from treason in this country."

The peroration of his speech was lofty and noble:

> "The seriousness of the situation does not warrant the expression of optimistic platitudes. It is better to face realities with courage and resolution. But let us never lose for a moment our supreme confidence in final victory. Our clearest light at this time is the undying conviction that the forces of tyranny and oppression cannot prevail. . . . In this faith we will fight on, we will endure, and we will win."

In his determination in overcoming difficulties, in his patriotism and courage, in his unflagging industry, in his kindliness in public and private life, Norman McLeod Rogers has left an example for young Canadians. "Being dead, he yet speaketh."

ITALY
THEN AND NOW

PREMIER MACKENZIE KING in declaring that a state of war existed between Italy and Canada recalled Britain's friendship for Italy in the struggle of her people for freedom and national unity eighty years ago. He said:

"Barely 80 years ago, the peoples of Italy passed from serfdom and disunion to liberty and unity. In the struggles which are imperishably associated with the names of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi, the English speaking peoples gave to the Italian people a moral and material support that contributed in no small measure to the establishment and preservation of the Italian nation.

"At a time when the rest of Europe looked with eyes of apathy and even of hostility upon the rebirth of Italy, the Government of the United Kingdom in a memorable dispatch advised the Italian people that they turned their sympathetic eyes to the gratifying prospect of a people building up the edifice of their liberties, and consolidating the work of their independence.

"The shouts of welcome of the British people to Garibaldi still ring through the years.

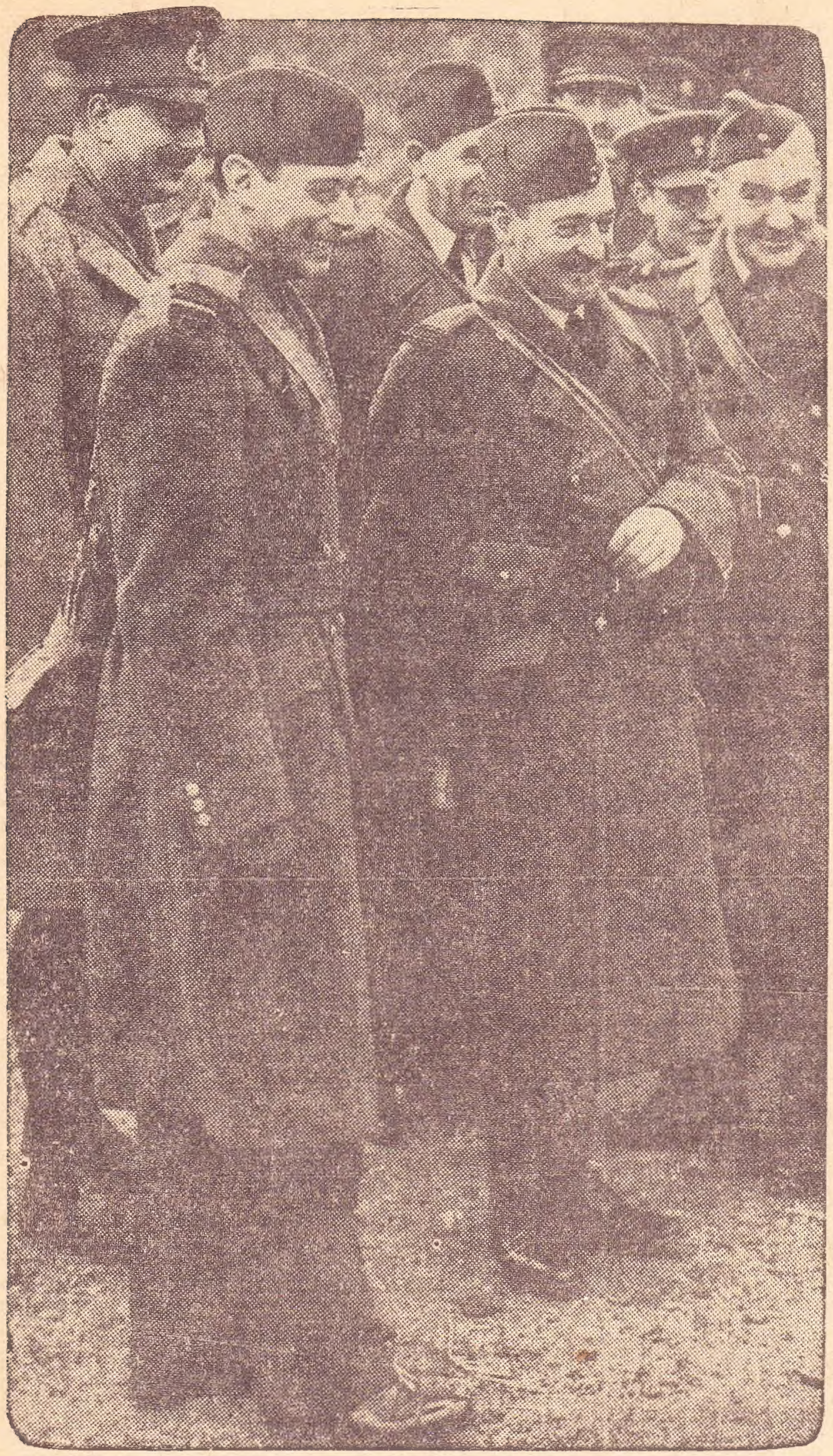
"As his great English biographer said, 'Garibaldi will live as the incarnate symbol of two passions not likely soon to die out of the world, of love of country and the love of freedom kept pure by the one thing that can tame and yet not weaken them, the tenderest humanity for all mankind.'"

We have been so accustomed to consider Italy as one of the Great Powers of Europe that we are surprised when we turn back the pages of history and see that much less than a hundred years ago, Italy was referred to by a statesman as a mere "geographical expression."

The country was divided up into a number of little states and kingdoms, some of them under foreign rulers.

British writers,—notably the Brownings,—loved Italy and sympathized

(Please turn to Page 16.)



His Majesty was here evidently enjoying a joke with members of an R.A.F. squadron during his visit to the war zone in France at the beginning of hostilities. Behind the King is his brother, Major-Gen. the Duke of Gloucester.

King and Queen Visit Canadian Troops

THE officers and the other ranks of Canada's 1st Division will long cherish the memory of Saturday, June 8—the day their democratic King and Queen came to see them at work, says a Canadian Press cable.

It was a surprise visit devoid of fanfare and formality and gave Their Majesties a closeup glimpse of Canada's hardy sons, now trained to the hilt.

They remained in the camp for nearly five hours and left highly impressed by the splendid appearance and efficiency of the entire division. The King and Queen were welcomed at the camp boundary by Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton, general officer commanding the C.A.S.F. They strolled through lanes of cheering Canucks and frequently stopped to chat with sun-tanned, perspiring men in shirtsleeves.

They did not miss a single activity that was going on and they had a look at every unit that was on routine jobs or informally lined up, awaiting the royal visitors.

At the Corunna Barracks the royal pair were piped into the building by a pipe band of the 48th Highlanders of Toronto. They stopped there for tea and it was the only place that the royal standard was broken out.

* * *

THE first visit was to the Toronto Scottish, of which the Queen is colonel-in-chief. Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Thompson, wearing steel helmet and with his gasmask at the ready, was putting his men through an advance machine-gun scheme, preparing for a mock action.

At the close of their tour the King and Queen remarked on the smartness and efficiency of the men and their healthy appearance.

Major-General McNaughton said afterwards that the King noticed the progress the Canadians had made in their steady training.

The King wore a field marshal's uniform. The Queen wore a costume of "Regina blue"—a name given to a particular shade of blue after the royal visit to the Saskatchewan capital last summer. Her hat was of the same color and she carried a pearl-grey parasol. A diamond maple leaf clasp was pinned to her coat.

ITALY (Cont'd from Page 15.)

with her national aspirations. Italian patriots working for the freedom and unity of their country found hospitality in Britain. British statesmen gave notable help in the building up and establishment of the Italian kingdom.

Some day the people of Italy will be sorry that an ambitious dictator carried them into the present war. It is a tragic thing that those who eighty years ago were struggling for freedom should today—in the denial of all former friendships—have lent themselves to be servants of ambitious tyranny.

The Tooth of Buddha

ONE of India's most elaborate festivals is the pageant of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha. The "perahera" lasts for ten days, ending on the night of the "full moon." Richly adorned chiefs, troups of masked dancers, gaily decorated elephants, brilliantly illuminated streets and colorful processions, turn the city into a festive centre.

On the last night the climax is reached with one magnificent procession. Hundreds of elephants take part, and full-dress regalia is worn by the chiefs. In front of the elephants, whips are cracked and tom-toms and drums continually throb. Every so often the procession halts while special dances take place.

This sacred tooth is said to have been taken from the pyre, and is held in reverence by one-third of the world's total population. The tooth is paraded around the streets and then taken back to the temple. Surrounded by a moat the temple dates back to the thirteenth century. The library contains ancient manuscripts, written with an iron stylus on talipot leaves.—Ridgewood Herald.